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Milwaukee-Downer College

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SNAPSHOT

Vol. IX No. 13

MILWAUKEE-DOWNER COLLEGE

May 9, 1952

CONGRATULATIONS

Mert Allen and Gretchen von Germeten, co-chairmen of Junior Board.

Barbara Boldt, Junior class president.

Mary Ann Hanson, winner of the Elizabeth Richardson Memorial Award.

Next year's Junior Board:

Barbara Boldt

Janet Bucholtz

Marilyn Davis

Vera Dunst

Mary Ann Hanson

Nicky Hayman

Edie Huehnel

Ollie Johnson

Mary Pat Liss

Nancy Perkins

Peg Port

Boggie Schroeder

Diane Stewart

Nancy Tuxford

Donna Weltcheff

Colleen Wilson

The Red Cross proudly announces that Miss Irvin has consented to be the adviser for their sister class, the yellow of '56.

Lucy Miller has won a fifty dollar prize awarded by the Wisconsin Home Economics Association for her essay "Why I chose Home Economics". It is the first annual award to be rotated among the Wisconsin colleges offering Home Economics.

AAUW AWARDS

The Wisconsin Division of the American Association of University Women has awarded membership in the organization to Mrs. Edith Langsberg and Jeanne Wierks.

This award is given to two outstanding girls in the graduating class of each of its member colleges in Wisconsin. It entitles the winners to all the privileges given to national members of the Association.

A committee made up of the president, the dean, and the divisional chairmen selected the winners. Dr. Johnson made the award at assembly on May 7.

GLAMOUR OF THE GOLDEN SLIPPER

May 9 **Street Dance** — Library Horse-shoe — 8.30

May 10 **Senior Prom** — Milwaukee Country Club — 8:30

May 11 **Wiener Roast** — Schroeder's Cottage at Silver Lake — Afternoon

Gay Japanese lanterns hanging from the trees in Chapman Circle will set the scene for the twilight into dark street dance, beginning the gala senior prom weekend.

On Saturday a formal dinner for prom goers at Fozio's Supper Club will precede the long-awaited Golden Slipper Promenade at Milwaukee Country Club. Royalty for the evening will be Miss Janet Beyer and her fiancé, Mr. William Nobiling. President and Mrs. J. B. Johnson, Dean Eunice Clark and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Nelson will welcome the guests.

A leisurely day of picnicking at the Schroeder's summer home on Silver Lake will culminate the festive week-end.

REMEDIAL COURSES ADDED TO NEXT YEAR'S CURRICULUM

The Freshmen next year won't be able to get by without knowing their grammar and arithmetic. Non-credit courses in remedial mathematics and composition will be added, besides a course in speech correction.

They will be required for those who do not come up to the minimum standards in these subjects.

The mathematics course will be offered on a tutorial basis. Tests will be given regularly. When a student reaches the required proficiency, she may drop the course. The composition course is run on the same basis. Speech 010 will be conducted in small group conferences which are arranged by appointment.

Along with the tests in mathematics, English, and speech, new students will be given a hearing test, which should uncover difficulties for the Frosh.

Mrs. Jones has put in a statistics course also. It is a one semester course of three credits. It is interesting to note that the course was requested by the economics and language students.

LEGS AND NOSES ASSURE NEW INTEREST

All Downer students with legs, be sure to enter the "beautiful leg contest" sponsored by the Freshman class. Girls who may feel left out because they do not possess beautiful legs may enter the "most spectacular nose contest".

The price will be twenty-five cents, which will go toward the Briggs Memorial Building Fund. The contest will be held Friday, May 23, during the lunch hour. Refreshments will be sold by members of the Freshman class.

The judges, members of our faculty, are very capable authorities. Their identities will remain a secret until the day of the show. There will be a formal crowning and appropriate prizes. There are more surprises in store for everyone, so don't miss the pre-ticket sales.



Mary Basso has been awarded a Fulbright scholarship for study in Italy next year at the University of Bologna with four week orientation at Perugia. Mary, an art major, will study mosaics.

The "Mountebanks" presented a one-act comedy "Suppressed Desires," at North Division High School Thursday afternoon for the Girls club.

Participating in the production were Joan Nicholson, director, Mary Pat Liss and Helen Erickson, as the cast, and Carol Hovland, Donna Weltcheff, and Nancy Hosutt, as the production crew.

Daniel Goetz of the Van Buren Players played the male lead.

The Kodak

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VISITING

Nancy Tuxford

Approximately foggy with just enough rain to shroud the building and contents with effectiveness. Vieau social Center at 4th and National — a typical neighborhood —

where one sees on a night like this the neon sign of a bar, beyond and above which towers a church spire and over just a little bit to the right the star walls of the empty factory.

The building takes shape and emerges from the fog and as I enter—the lights and screaming burst in confusion over me.

The halls are noticeably empty; a muscular boy stands arms crossed outside the office —

pleasant enough face at the present.

We learn that he is the “doorman” assigned to keep law in the halls and loiterers moving on.

Mr. Nasgovitz, director, is a very attractive middle-aged man with a bit of Anthony Eden distinguishedness about him and tired gray eyes — oh sadness for a victim of circumstances

With him we were quickly put to work making nut cups for a Mother's Banquet the following evening. I sat rubbing elbows with the teenagers of the South side — yes, Bebobs. Having never been quite so close to one before, I watched with interest.

I was not prepared for this so normal conversation of books and mothers and school and “Oh, yes, the enigma of it.”

In the gym teen age boys minus shirts with sweat glistened backs were losing themselves in a basket ball game. Fine healthy boys letting the game be the consumer of much excess energy.

there only five minutes, I noted six uncalled fouls; the code of the center made itself evident then.

and always I was followed by the dark depthless eyes turning in thin faces to convey their empty message.

Scrawny little girls were tumbling on mats in a bleak olive-colored room. With puppy-like eagerness they outdid themselves in delight of much attention. One girl had a specialty: “a headless summersault” in which she flipped from a stand position directly onto her back and up again for another one. The instructor told us that the girls get tired easily.

They looked like rats in experimental cages running in endless circles — meaningless. And in the daytime, the room was used for the school children to eat in.

A child playing — full hearted, sweet
Sincere in every movement
Loving each leaf as it falls
Feeling the pulse of life
As the boats come — and go.
Listening to the breath of a pulse
From a mist beyond, aware — vital
Unpreplexed by laws of men
Unburdened by taboos of culture
Unaware of evil
Loving existence as it is
Living for each day as it sings by
Laughing with the rise
and fall of beating wave
Longing only for the moment
To the fullest — to the best — Now!
Longing only for the moment,
Out of touch in inner worlds.

Care de Leeuw

Younger teens in their usual separate boy and girl groups danced with their own sex to a jukebox completely absorbed in their own activities. Against them danced a girl to a samba.

She was dark — of the Mexicans and her body moved with a sensuous grace — completely oblivious to her surroundings she had a trance-like expression on her face — tiny bones of the sculptor in their beauty.

and always the smell was with me — the smell of sweat, stale air, dust, and cigaret smoke.

We neared the TOPS club meeting and Mr. Nasgovitz made it quite evident that he considered this the climax of our evening. The room was filled with large women in the middle of which sat a red-haired woman holding a stack of nutrition booklets.

Each woman seemed to be rubbing or fingering an object such as a pencil or table top constantly.

Mr. Nasgovitz said: “Tomorrow night at the Mother's Tea we're having whipped cream and cake.”

From these women, from their very hearts rose a cry — a cry that came unconsciously with a tinge of something not well.

The red-haired woman spoke in a cracked iron voice: “I used to weigh 225 pounds — now I weigh 150.”

The other women nodded in unison — all the while their eyes darted here and there nervously never stopping.

And always the hall running safely through the building with its security of lights.

TRIVIA THE BEARS

“Teddy's been pretending all day that he's a bear.”

“I've been one myself today. I growled at everyone I met.”

“Would a bear hug help?”

“A steak — quite raw — would satisfy the beast in me better.”

MY POOR EGO

“You're Bernard's sister? Why, you don't look like him at all!”

“No”, I answered, smiling my best. “I look like my mother. He resembles my father.”

“Your mother?” She paused, and I saw surprise, then disbelief suffuse her face. I stared fascinated. Then she burst forth. “Why your mother is ATTRACTIVE!”

RESISTANCE TO REALITY

He awakened me, but I kept my eyes shut.

“It's a shame to wake up,” I murmured, “I was having such fabulous dreams.”

“No,” he said firmly, “It's nice to sleep, but it's good to awaken, too. Reality is better than a dream.”

I felt him come to the bed.

“Open your eyes!” It was a command. Slowly I raised my lids. He was smiling kindly. I had to return the smile. He was making reality good.

—Ethel Rayburn

PHEW!

Ruth Legler

The other day when I came home from school and stepped up to the back door, I thought that I smelled terribly “smoky,” as Mother would say. I wondered if she would ask me anything about the clinging odor of stale, cigarette smoke. But as soon as I opened the door my fears vanished. There was such a heavy odor of fresh paint coming from the basement that I felt like choking every time I took a breath. I learned from investigation into the cellar, which was filled with penetrating fumes, that my father had just finished painting the floor of our new recreation room.

Assuring myself that Mother could never notice how I smelled today, I climbed the stairs and went through the kitchen on the way to my room. It was ironical that in the midst of this paint smell there could still exist the tantalizing odor of freshly baked bread. An even through this I could detect the elusive odor of the “Tabu” colonge which Mother uses rather sparingly. I wanted to sneeze to rid my nose of these odors. I hurried past Mother, whose greeting reached me on the stairs: “What do you do — smoke on the way home from school?”

HANDS

Ethel Raeburn

It is a neat, concise word. Hand. Or add an S, and you have, perhaps, a pair. The fragile perfection of the hands of the newborn child gives one a feeling of elation. He waves them about, and then clutches one's finger tenaciously. Soon he will point and probe with his fingers, and clap his palms in joy, and clench his fists in anger. One day he will ride his bike with arms clasped behind his back, and proudly shriek, "Look, ma, no hands!" Later he may learn to be a shoemaker, or weaver, or artist, or physician, or perhaps a soldier, and his hands will be trained to bring blessings to others; or will it be death and destruction? But these are idle speculations, and often enough we simply take for granted these marvelously fashioned structures. Perhaps my own former lack of awareness of the importance of our hands is the cause of my envisioning a certain scene whenever I now hear the word.

It was a busy afternoon in an Army hospital in Texas. The day before we had received a convoy of about a thousand amputees from the European Theater of Operations. If we had had no other way of knowing where the battles were being fought, we could have known from where our patients came — Africa, then thousands from the Anzio beachhead, then northern Italy, and still later the Battle of the Bulge. They came, this time, late in the day — dirty, hungry, unshaven, with pain showing in their eyes, but with a look of query and hope in their faces, too. I was the only nurse in our ward of about a hundred patients, but the ward men and the patients who were no longer new helped, although the civilian workers had already left for the night. As the men were brought in, I assigned each to a bed. There were a few private rooms near my office, and there I sent those whose needs seemed greatest. Then we prepared them a warm supper, and cut off all their transportation casts. I was left to clean and dress their wounds while the ward men helped the patients to get bathed and settled for the night.

It was the next day, then, that the Red Cross workers announced that each man could make a telephone call home, the calls to be paid by a group of people who had donated money for that purpose. Early in the afternoon it was the turn of one man in a private room, whose name I've forgotten; but I remember he was partly deaf from the noises of battle, and his face was pock-marked from a powder blast. He had already endeared himself to us with his provocative smile and animated eyes. A telephone had been hooked up in his room, and I myself, arranged everything so he could speak directly from his bed. When the operator had made contact with his home, I left, closing the door behind me to assure him

of some measure of privacy. A few minutes later, busy in my office, I became aware of an unusual noise. I listened closely, then went to find its source. I reached his door. There was a deadened, hurtling sound against it, and a strange cry. My breath stopped. I opened the door against a weight, which was quickly released. There was my patient — hardly recognizable now because of the fear in his face. He was trembling, and sobbing between wild cries. He was panic stricken over being alone in the closed room. You see, he could not help himself. He had no hands.

THE SKETCH

Mavis Moorman

Early in the day the idea seemed vital, glowing of itself in new beauty.

An urgency dispelled ennui in haste, as expression began to take form.

The broad bold lines of the design carried effectively the basic concept. But the color failed; keying lost the subtle contrasts in neutrals.

In the fading north light the shadow of each lengthened, expanding line reached disproportion and the harmony of the studio is distorted.

LAST REMEMBRANCE

Lou Thomas

She lay on her back, her arms stiffly at her side, and as her body shook quietly, tears rolled down her cheek. She was a pretty girl, as pretty girls go. She had a slight build and glossy hair, but now she was just an unhappy, sobbing, sixteen year old.

She was so happy that day when Fred asked her to go steady. It seemed that it was right for him to like her, as though it was meant to be. She looked down through the blur of tears and could see the outline of his class ring. He had given it to her the night of the big beach party. She remembered how shakey he had been as he thrust it on her finger and the feel of his damp lips as he kissed her. She hugged the ring to her face. They had been so happy, but that was eight months ago and the ring that now encircled her finger was just a souvenir — a last remembrance.

The months of long tedious writing lay behind her now and all that remained in her mind was their last night together

... She had wanted him so before he left, but something deep inside her had held her from him. Their kisses that night were different too, a stinging sensation and a new need behind each embrace.

Fred was different that night too ... He sat in dull silence and watched the sea gulls circling far out over the bay. His hands grasped the wheel until the knuckles grew white and the strength drained from them. She knew, she had known for weeks, ever since he got his notice, that she wanted him more than anything, to be married and be his. They talked and argued about getting married until their strength was spent. Fred was afraid to run away. Over and over again he would say, "Your folks would never speak to me again, honey, and I couldn't leave you alone, me in the army, never sure of anything." She would plead and Fred would pretend not to hear.

They had stayed out on the bay point until early morning. Time slipped silently through her fingers. She must go home, mother would be worried and besides she mustn't let Fred see her cry again. She turned her face towards Fred and was startled to see big tears rolling silently down his cheeks. "Fre-ed! honey, what's wrong?" She hadn't meant to say it so loudly but her voice cracked in the early morning. Fred sat, his head between his arms. Only after what seemed a year did his weak voice steal across to her. "I love you and now we're through." Her mind was in a whirl and nothing made any sense. "Through?" "Yes," came his answer creeping from the side of his mouth, "We're through." Once again silence reigned as the gulls circled higher and higher into the sky ...

He seemed determined not to say anything more; his only answer was the dull twist of the ignition as he started the cold motor. The trip home had been a short one, too short, too little was said and in a miraculously short time he stopped the car with a jerk in her driveway ... It was there with a false air of happiness that they said goodbye. Was it goodbye forever or would he come home and with all his body? Only time could tell, and its mouth was tightly shut, too. She stiffened and with one movement pushed her unwilling body from the car ... That was all.

It seems only like yesterday that he was here and now all she can remember is their last night ... She lay still now, her body somewhat relaxed, her tears dried like paste on her face. Fred was gone like her brother before him. The telegram had been, "We regret to inform you ... She lay there and wonder poured into her body. She had lost something that only youth can find and yet only sadness played on her mind. Was she wrong not to be afraid?"

She was pretty, as pretty girls go.

X E COUNCIL

- I. Discussion on changing the "meaningless wording" concerning drinking. By doing this, the council is not trying to condone drinking by the student body, but rather define the meaning of the present rule.
 - A. Jan Jorgensen and Gracie Norris were appointed a committee of two to investigate further possibilities for the rule.
 1. City and state laws concerning alcoholism
 2. College policy concerning college functions
 3. Standard of the students
- II. X E Council Picnic — May 18
 - A. Issues to be discussed:
 1. Christmas committee
 2. Social Welfare Committee
 3. Mixer Co-chairman
 4. Overall plans for 1952-53

- III. Appointments
 - Lantern Night chairman — Sue Friedley
 - Program chairman of Christmas Committee — Marty Wright

- IV. A joint Fac-Stu informal discussion group suggested that Exy Council make the following recommendation:

"that there be a student evaluation of the faculty to be approved by the faculty and the administration." The recommendation was passed and discussion scheduled for the CGA meeting of May 2.



All those interested in working on SNAPSHOT next year, please see Dorothy Mintzlaff if you have not already done so.

TIME EXPOSURES

May 13 **Worship Service** — Rev. A. R. Gornitzka — Greene — 12:55

Aeolian Club — 7:15 — Greene

May 14 **Assembly** — League of Women Voters — Chapel — 12:55

May 18 **Record Concert** — Greene — 12:15

May 20 **Home Ec Club Dinner** — Sabin — 5:30

Worship Service — Downer Dozen — Greene — 12:55

May 21 **Assembly** — Film "One God" — 12:45

IRC — 7:15

May 23 **Freshman Briggs Fund Program** — Chapel — 12:40

SOCIAL "WHIRL"

Edie Schubert came back from spring vacation, spent with Beth Ahrens, with a lovely diamond, third finger left hand. Her fiancé, Jim Sawyer, is from St. Louis. They met while Edie was a student at Stephens. We all wish her the best of luck!

Another of our Downer girls, Dean Eldred, was also recently engaged. Her fiancé is Fred Breidster. Dean met Fred at summer school at the University of Wisconsin. They are planning a late summer wedding. Best wishes, Dean!

SPORTS

Congratulations to Adelaide Porth, Bobbie Christensen and Dink Bates, 1952's Triple A girls!!!

The boat house in Hubbard Park is once more buzzing with the excitement of "crew in the air." Girls from every class are competing with each other for a position on their class crew. Muscles ache and hands are blistered, but the determination of the rowers does not give way. The climax of the rowing season will come on June 7 this year, when regatta will take place, and the coveted Downer rowing cup will be won by some lucky crew.

Another event climaxing spring sports is the annual blue and white baseball game in May. This year class baseball teams will not be chosen because there are not enough people from each class taking the sport. The majority of those participating in baseball are freshmen. Where are you, upper classmen?

FAC-STU COUNCIL

Should 4-hour courses be allowed 3-hour exams because of the greater amount of material to cover?

a. There was no feeling of the opinion of the students and no information available.

b. A report from a representative from each class will be given at the next meeting. The representatives are as follows: Freshman, Joan Bondi; Sophomore, Carol Hayman; Junior, Charlotte Dempsey; and Senior, Jeanne Wierks.

Point system

1. The point system has positive advantages as a means to try to get some students to do less extra-curricular and to do it better, and to give other students a chance to develop their latent abilities.

2. The system is used only by nominating committees and by Executive Council, and is outdated.

3. Two administrative suggestions were made:

a. That some office (maybe the Dean's office) keep the student activity cards up to date, and the total of points earned.

b. That there be a student committee to administer the point system, allowing an occasional but very rare petition for variation.

4. A sub-committee composed of Jan Jorgensen, Pat Cody, and Mrs. Nelson was appointed to bring the assignment of points up to date. It was suggested that points be included for Hat Hunt, class song chairmen, and various other positions not listed.

Student representation on Faculty-Student Council

1. It was suggested last fall that there be a representative elected from each dormitory (instead of one for both). If this were done, the question would also arise as to whether two representatives should be elected by C.S.O., to keep a relative proportion in representation.

2. The degree to which the students are able to represent was questioned. They seem rarely to report to their constituencies and rarely to ask for the opinion of their constituents. The C.S.O. representative commented that she had never been allowed time to report to the C.S.O.

3. It was recommended that the dorm representative to Faculty-Student Council be elected last, and, if at that time only one dormitory has representation through the class representatives, that nominations from the other dorm be given preference.

Faculty-Student Council met again on Monday, May 5, at 12:30 p.m. in Alumnae Hall.